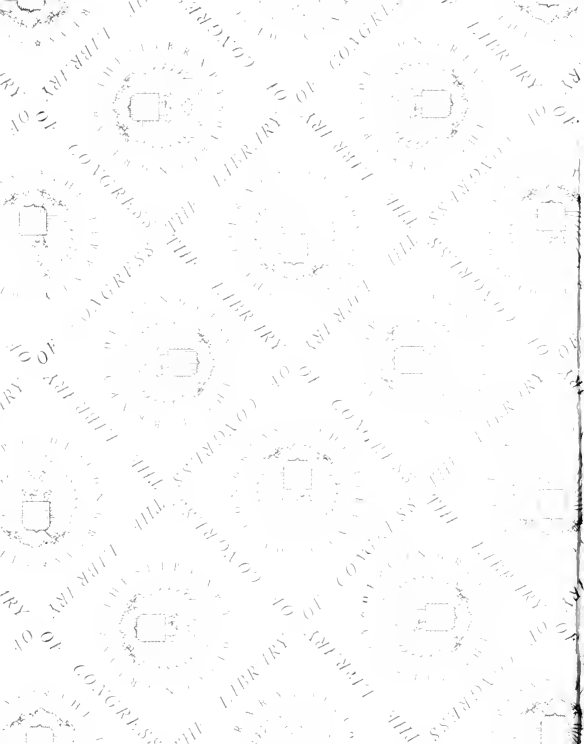
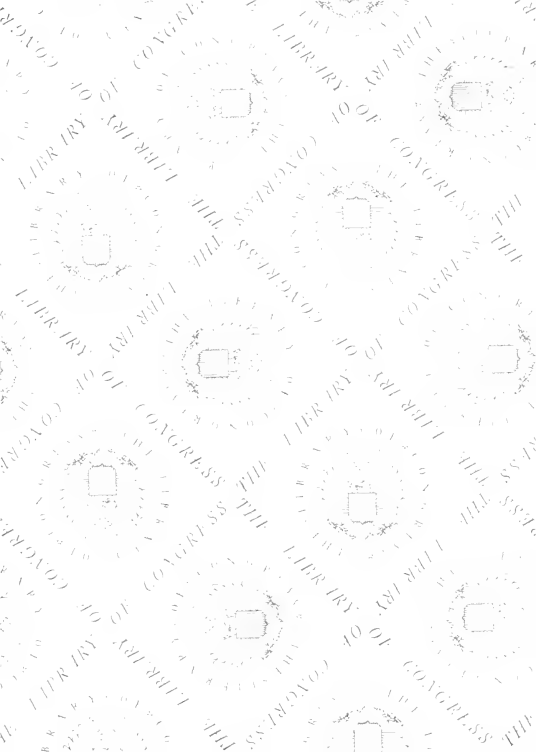


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ILLUSTRIOUS MEN

OF THE

UNITED STATES.

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POCAHONTAS.

THE virtues of the Indian character were nobly illustrated in this Princess, for it was her destiny to interweave her name with acts of kindness, and to illustrate, by her daring generosity, one of the most important periods of our national existence. She was the daughter of a very celebrated chief, of the men who then were rulers over a land from the face of which they have since disappeared. Powhatan was conspicuous among the forest warriors of Virginia. His lovely daughter was born in 1605.

The English, who had by superior knowledge effected a settlement, or the beginning of one, were favorites with her; as she, probably from the possession of an higher order of intellect than was else found in her tribe, early learned to appreciate the benefits and advantages of civilization, and to estimate at its worth, the value of knowledge, which she discovered in the white men. Captain John Smith, whose bravery is among the finest pages in the history of Virginia, was condemned to death, and to a cruel death, by the merciless savages, into whose hands he had fallen. The day for his death had come; and the very blow was about to be given, when Pocahontas rushed to his rescue, and placing herself between the executioner and the captain, saved a life which afterward was devoted to her happiness and to the



good of Virginia. This took place in 1607. Her service to the English did not cease with this. Two years subsequent she discovered to them a plan which had been ingeniously devised for their destruction. Her destiny in life was fixed by captivity, for during its continuance, she married, with the consent of Powhattan, an English gentleman by the name of Rolfe. Peace was restored, and Virginia felt for years the kind and benign influences of the presence of Pocahontas. Her husband persuaded her soon afterwards to accompany him to England, where in 1616 they arrived. Her quaint costume—simplicity of manner—the fame with which her courage and self-sacrifice had invested her—the imperfect knowledge of her home—all contributed to make Pocahontas an object of especial notice during her stay in England. Many were the attentions given her by the noble names of that period. It was in England that she again met him whom she had saved from the fury of his enemies—Captain Smith. Among all the wanderings of this distinguished traveler he never forgot his Indian friend. In England, far away from her forest home, but while preparing to return to it, she died. This melancholy event took place at Gravesend. She left one son, whose descendants are of the highest respectability. It was the boast of John Randolph, of Roanoke, that the blood of Pocahontas flowed in his veins.



COTTON MATHER.

HE was one of the most celebrated of the early Fathers of New-England, and has had, in some departments of learning, few superiors. He was born in Boston, February 12, 1663. His religious character was very soon developed, and became an object of notice for its earnestness. When but a mere boy he drew up systems of the sciences, and matured his understanding by writing remarks on the books which he read. In his 21st year, (1684) he was ordained minister of the North Church at Boston, and continued long in the service of that congregation, unwearied and unceasing in his efforts to do good.

No one in all America had a library so large or had read so much, or, what is far better, recollected so much; and it was he, who to economise his time, wrote over his study door, the emphatic caution "Be short." He was master of several languages, and to perfect himself, every morning read a chapter of the Old Testament in Hebrew, another in French, and a chapter of the New Testament in Greek. He kept two books constantly by him: one, his Diary, in which he noted the passing events of every hour; the other, which he called his "Quotidiana," in which he copied the extracts that pleased him, from the works which he was constantly reading.

He published in 1710, his "Essays to do good," to which work Dr. Franklin gave the high praise of saying, that he attributed all his usefulness in after life, to his having read it when young. His great work is his Ecclesiastical History, or "Magnalia," a very profound, very learned and very strange book. His publications amount in number to 382. He died February 13, 1728, at the age of 65 years. He is buried in Copp's Hill Burying Ground, at the north end of Boston, where his monument may yet be seen. It is often visited, and is regarded, as it should be, as the tomb of an eccentric, but a great man.

KING PHILIP.

THIS famous old sachem of the Pokanokets, was one of the bravest and most energetic of all the Indian chiefs. He was the son of Massasoit, whose memory is still preserved in New-England. He succeeded his brother Alexander in 1657. He renewed in 1662, the friendship which had subsisted with England, and in 1675 commenced the war which desolated New-England. He determined, if possible, to exterminate the white inhabitants of New-England, who numbered about 40,000. In this bloody war, the saddest which these colonies ever knew, nineteen towns, six hundred buildings and one-twentieth part of her male adult population were destroyed. But against the discipline and civilization of the whites, King Philip could not effect much; and though as brave an Indian as ever fought, he was soon forced to yield. His first attack was made on Sunday, June 20, that being the day on which the Indians preferred to attack the whites. His last battle was fought on Saturday, August 12, 1676. Pursued by Captain Church, he fled into a swamp, when an Indian soldier by the name of Alderman, killed him. After his death there were disgraceful barbarities committed on his body, which was beheaded and quartered!



King Philip, of Mount Hope, in Rhode Island, will long be remembered in the history of New-England. Brave, well judging, and of desperate energy, had christianity and civilization given to his mind right impulses, he might have been as great a blessing to the land as he was a scourge.



WILLIAM PENN.

THIS eminent Friend, whose name is indelibly fixed on so fair a portion of this country, was born in the city of London, in 1664. He received a good education, first at a private school in Chigwell, Essex, and then at Oxford. It was while he was at this great and ancient institution of learning, that the courage and independence of his nature, developed itself, for in the midst of all the inducements to youth to adopt the manners and fashions of the times, he determined to adhere to an eminent Quaker preacher, Thomas Loe, and suffering thus early in the cause of religious liberty, was fined for non-conformity, and expelled. So did old Oxford cast from her cloisters, one who was to evidence to the world how above all the forms of learning is the greater discipleship of virtue or common sense. He identified himself with the Friends, and adopting the dress, speaking the language, and following the path of duty which he believed most in consonance with the dictate of his conscience, he found that he could not thus think for himself without coming in contact with the prejudices of others, even of those who were allied to him in kindred. His father urged him to give up his habits, so different from those of other men; but his duty was to his principle, beyond even what was due to parentage. His father dismissed

him from his favor — a conduct not surprising, since when the college authorities turned against him, they found an ally in his father. In 1668 he appeared as a preacher among the Quakers, and found his profession a speedy pathway to the Tower, so often the prison house of those who dared to think for themselves. His release followed after a confinement of seven months. In 1672 his marriage to Guilelma Maria Springett took place, and he then fixed his residence at Rickmansworth. In 1677 he went with those furious men, George Fox and Robert Barclay, to the continent. On his return, the King, Charles II., in consideration of his own character and the services of his father, granted him a patent of land in America. Out of this grew the State of Pennsylvania. In its early history, it had its foundations laid in liberty. Its earliest constitution, drawn up by Penn himself, embodied a most extraordinary degree of religious freedom; while it is a boast of Pennsylvanians, that by kindness and justice, their Indian deeds are witnessed, not by fraud or violence. He was at once a philosopher, a sovereign, an author; and stamped the impress of his powerful mind on the moulding institutions of the new world too powerfully to be easily effaced. He died on the 20th July, 1718, in Bucks, England. Pennsylvania is his testimonial.

JOHN HANCOCK.

AMONG all the names that are appended to the great document, the Declaration of Independence, that of John Hancock is most conspicuous. He dared to put his name there so boldly that all men might see that he was for having his country free from any other dominion than that of the people. He was born in 1737, at Braintree, near Boston, and enjoyed the advantages of the possession of great wealth, which he had inherited from his uncle, Thomas Hancock, who died in Boston in 1764. John Hancock soon went into the service of his country, and signalized himself by a talent for business, and by a firm and daring opposition to the oppressive acts of the British. Our country was then in that unsettled state which was favorable to the development of great minds—of men competent to lead the people to acts of bravery and counsel them to wise and well judged movements.

His services were soon required by the progress of the Revolution in an higher sphere of duty, and in 1774 he was made President of the Provincial Congress; nor did his elevation stop here, for the year after he was elected a member of the General Congress, which sat at Philadelphia. None had more inducement to shrink from exposing their property to the fury of the royalists than John Hancock, for his property



was exposed; but he was among the first, as President of that Congress, to sanction by his name, Mr. Jefferson's glorious declaration, that these colonies "are, and of right ought to be, free and independent." No state paper that was ever issued has proved more important. It has been a text-book for freemen — a light and beacon to the nations; and in our own land, it is the foundation of the freedom under whose influences our land is becoming, and indeed, has already become, a great empire.

On account of ill health, Mr. Hancock left the Congress in 1777; and coming home to his own State, he was not allowed to remain in private life. He was soon called to the Chief Magistracy of Massachusetts; and in 1780 was elected the first governor of that patriotic State, under its new constitution. This office he held from 1787 till 1793, as well as for the four succeeding years after his first appointment. He died while yet in the prime of his life, being only fifty-six years of age.

His mansion is still preserved, and not a stranger that visits Boston but goes to gaze at the "Hancock House," as a relic of the times of a great man. And as the President of the first Congress — a signer of the Declaration of Independence — the first Governor of Massachusetts — he has a prominent place in the list of the great men of his age.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

WHEN the new world — when the modern ages — when civilization — is called upon to present to the admiration of posterity, their brightest ornament, the name at the head of this notice is the one that would, by the calm judgment of mankind, be given. Of him, it may be said, what, with truth, can be uttered of scarce any other, that he appears greatest and best as he is known most intimately. He was born in Virginia, and although that State has produced a galaxy of illustrious names, his is alike the bravest among the brave, the most honored among the honorable. His first experience in the art of war, was in the famous expedition of Braddock against the Indians, where his counsels, had the British general followed them, would have saved the army from a disastrous defeat. In the early troubles of the colonies, he was quick to espouse the cause of his country; and while he thought himself unknown, the eyes of the nation were upon him. Early in the Revolution he was designated as Commander-in-Chief. He entered upon the duties of his station at Cambridge, near Boston, in June, 1774. His courage was unquestioned, his wisdom unsurpassed, and if to any one man, under Providence, more than to any other, this country owes its present high position among the nations of the earth, it is to the good and

great George Washington. His countrymen would not allow him to remain in private life, after the toils and dangers of the war of the Revolution were over. They called him once and again to the presidential chair, and they would have continued him there until the day of his death, if he had allowed them; but he would not thus take upon himself even the semblance of kingly power. He laid down the robe of office, even while a nation stood around him, to urge him to wear it. Pure and uncorrupted, his example is a bright light on the page of history. His last duty to his country was in the arming and disciplining of the forces raised, in view of a French war, by the order of the second President. Jefferson said of him, with characteristic elegance of expression: "His character was in its mass, *perfect*; in nothing, bad; in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature or fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man everlasting remembrance."

JOSEPH WARREN.

THE name of this man has been a trumpet call of revolutionary history. It is a kind of foundation rock on which, intermingled with the stories of Lexington and Bunker's Hill, we build our memories of the eventful day that gave a new empire to freedom—the only one ever really possessed by her, since the day when “the Lord led his people like a flock.”

Warren was a Boston boy—he was born in Roxbury in 1740, but soon came to Harvard, to study; and in the vicinity of the Cradle of Liberty, he learned to utter the words and do the deeds of freedom. So early as 1768, he was a member of a secret association, which met to counteract the insidious progress of the men who, under the guise of governing, oppressed Boston, and through that city, the colonies. He is described by the historian, as bold, ardent, decisive, circumspect, eloquent, elegant in his manners. He soon rose to eminence and was regarded as one of the master spirits of the times. Under exciting circumstances, he delivered in Boston, one of his stirring orations. It was the 5th of March, 1775. The troops of the English ministry filled Boston, and he who should speak free words under such circumstances, did it at the risk of property and life. But Warren “dared to do.” It was a



thrilling scene. The church was crowded with the people; but the British soldiery held the aisles and pulpit stairs. He entered by a window, and poured forth a glorious appeal to arms; and accusing, even in the face of their bayonets, the British army for its oppression. When Hancock went to Philadelphia, Warren was chosen President of the Provincial Congress. Four days before the famous battle of Bunker's Hill, he was chosen Major General. In that battle he died, at the early age of 35, and with the deep grief of his fellow citizens. His name lives among us, as one of the patriots of the Revolution—as a man who hazarded all, lost all, in the cause of his country—who was at once a scholar, a soldier, a statesman.



JOHN ADAMS.

THIS great man commenced his career of usefulness at an early age, and in a time when every energy possessed by his mind was sure to be speedily called into the most active exercise for a country that was upheaving itself from the social, commercial and governmental chaos of a colony to the high place of a nation of the earth—soon to be almost the greatest among the great. Born at the time of colonial dependence, he lived to see the colony of his birth a great and glorious commonwealth. Few men have been so favored in witnessing the rise of empire. He took an active, almost the foremost part in the struggles of the Revolution. His eloquent voice was in every council of war—in every honorable negotiation for peace. He passed through more grades and varieties of service in the Continental Congress than any other man, and was relied on as the man who knew what to say, and dared to say it. Elevated immediately after Washington, to the highest office which the country could bestow on him, he gave to history the record of a pure administration. When the troubles with France assumed almost the aspect of direct war, he called to the leadership of the armies, the old General of the Revolution—Washington; and thus secured the co-operation of the whole nation in the national defence. After he retired

from the presidential chair, he found a dignified and delightful life in the pursuits of literature. His active mind was perpetually framing new creations of lofty sentiments. His experience in the affairs of public life had been very great. He it was that had the high honor of standing in front of the English king, bearing the credentials of his country's freedom. In the thrilling events of the history of Europe at that period, he constantly participated. His voice, his judgment, his pen, were all given to his country, Its welfare was his own; and in the list of the Fathers of this nation, the name of John Adams is pre-eminent. He died on the Jubilee day of our Independence, July 4, 1826. He had lived long enough. It was a glorious era for the statesman sage to die; and the nation rejoiced that such a man had lived, while it mourned his death.

ROGER SHERMAN.

THIS distinguished citizen of the United States, was born at Newton in Massachusetts, April 19, 1724. He was a man whose genius soon made it evident that, in the language of Halleck, his name was not to be enrolled in the list of common men. He had no collegiate education, to which, in the New-England States, so much value is attached; but he had the education of native intellect, and by its aid he soon came to distinction as a lawyer and a statesman. In 1743 he removed to New-Milford, Connecticut, and in 1754 he commenced the practice of the law. He is remembered in the legal annals of the State, as a civilian of eloquence and eminence. But he had a higher honor in store. His name is affixed to the Declaration of Independence — a passport in all the civilized world to an enduring fame. In 1774 he was elected a member of Congress, and such was the value which his fellow-countrymen placed on his services, that he was returned to a seat in that body — composed as it was of men whose names are part of the reputation of the nation. He was elected and re-elected to Congress. More than that — he was one of the committee who drew up the famous Declaration. In the preparation of that instrument, he was associated with Jefferson; and what must have been the conversation of such men when engaged in such a work! He



bore his part in the great duty of forming the Constitution of the United States, and took his place in the noblest creation of that instrument, the Senate of the United States. He remained in that dignified association till his death in 1793. His old age was an honored one — for he was a profound statesman, an upright judge; and better, far better than all, a Christian. **ROGER SHERMAN** has enrolled his name among the wise and just of the land.



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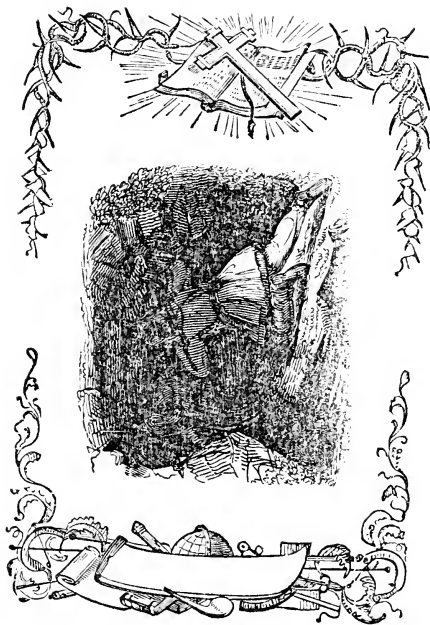
THOMAS JEFFERSON.

WRITE me no other epitaph," said this great man, "than to say of me, that I was the author of the Declaration of Independence — the founder of the University of Virginia." Such honor has fallen to the lot of but few. It was his to build up the freedom of his country — to be clothed by all the titles of intellectual power — to sustain, both at home and abroad, a reputation for wisdom and statesmanship which has won the admiration of mankind. It is almost time to do his character justice. With his eyes as with that of Mr. Adams, the prejudicial political partizanship are beginning to be disconnected, so that men can judge calmly and dispassionately of his high claim to the respect of his fellow-countrymen. Virginia was the place of his birth, and was ever the land of his affection. The times of the Revolution were those best calculated to call for all exercise his noble powers of mind. In the array of patriotic men, he stepped to the front; and when the Declaration of our Independence was to be prepared, his was the hand that gave to the world an instrument more glorious than all the charters that had preceded it — for, it was the foundation of a new principle of republicanism: it was the door to the path of freedom, and the Thirteen Colonies gathered around it. Mr. Jefferson held

the Presidency of the United States for eight years. His administration was one of severe and bitter partizanship; but his genius brought him through all safely. The crowning feature of his government was the purchase of Louisiana, by which the Mississippi and the vast Empire that pours its treasures over its waters to the sea, was secured to us. A philosopher, he found in his retreat at Monticello, a dignified and honorable retirement. His long ambassadorial residence in France, and its polished and elegant society, had imbued him with a thorough knowledge of the condition of public affairs, in all the departments of science and government, throughout Europe; and he was looked to, as the Philosopher of the New World. He, too, like his old companion, Adams, finished his earthly career on the jubilee day of Independence; and left a name which is one of our national treasures.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

“OLD PUT” will live in enduring fame, as a brave and honest man — as one who proved that common sense was as valuable to prepare for public service, as an education founded on abstruse study. He was born at Salem in Massachusetts, January 7, 1718. He was a farmer — of the right kind of working men — and the call of his country to duty, found him engaged in the pursuits of agriculture. He despised danger, and the story of Putnam and the Wolf is familiar to all our citizens. He early commenced the trade of war — having been engaged in the old French campaign — and commanded a company. Here his adventurous bravery attracted the attention of his commanding officer. Not merely the glories of war, but its hardships were his also; for, in 1756, himself and his soldiers were decoyed into an ambuscade, and suffered the horrors of Indian cruelty. In 1759 he was released, and went back to his farm. In the expedition against Cuba, he acted as Lieutenant-Colonel; and, in 1764, he was promoted to the rank of Colonel. But it was in the day of the Revolution that the courage and soldier-like conduct of Putnam shone out. In the memorable fight of Bunker-Hill, he was among the foremost. It has been a source of regret to all lovers of the fame of the Revolutionary fathers, t'at an attempt has been made to attack the old



soldier's memory about his conduct at this battle; but they who were at the battle, testify that Old Put was a lion in the fight. During the remainder of the time, and until he was disabled by a paralytic attack, which took place in 1779, he was one of the most valuable officers that Washington had.

The patriotism of Putnam was pure—his courage unquestioned—his honor unsullied. He is one of those iron men who were among the pillars of the Revolution. If such men had not been in existence, our struggle with a nation of the tremendous power which Great Britain possessed, might not have resulted as it did. It was no holiday contest to cope with the pecuniary and military power of England. That kingdom had the physical strength; but in such men as Putnam, America had a moral force that could not be resisted.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

TALLEYRAND once said to a friend, that he, in his long and wonderful acquaintance with the movements of society, had known three men, who, to his judgment, had seemed to fill the measure of the human intellect in all its power. One of those three was ALEXANDER HAMILTON; the others were, Charles James Fox and Napoleon. This is high praise, and from a source that had seen much, very much of the world. Hamilton was born in the island of Nevis, one of the West Indies, in 1757: but was educated in the city of New-York. At a very early age he grasped the great truths of the dawning political struggle with such sagacity, and depicted them with such force of expression, that his writings were attributed to the classic pen of John Jay. He was an officer of artillery at the age of 18. That he conducted himself like a soldier, is evident from the fact that Washington selected him as a Lieutenant-Colonel, so early as 1777. In the glorious battle of Yorktown, he led a battallion and was a chief sharer in the honors of that memorable day. When the war ceased, he entered with ardor into the profession of the law, and was immediately eminent. Again, that noblest certificate of usefulness and talent was awarded him, by his being appointed by Washington to the Treasury Department. Here his talent was resplendent;

and, like Pitt on the other side of the water, the administration of the Treasury was the glory of the nation. When, in 1798, Washington was called to the leadership of the provisional Army, Hamilton was selected by him as second in command.

It is difficult to determine in which department of public service he was most conspicuous — as a soldier, as a civilian, or as a statesman. They who remember him, still delight to speak of his eloquence — of his magnificent talent as a lawyer — of his command over an audience — of his talent in every undertaking. He fell a sacrifice, in the zenith of his intellect — in the fulness of his powers — to the murderous system of duelling; and by the hands of a man who the nation despised, and for whom it ever afterwards had but one feeling — that of detestation. New-York ranks General Hamilton as one of her noblest sons — one of those who laid strong and deep the foundations of her prosperity.

PATRICK HENRY.

THE voice of eloquence was uttered whenever this great ornament of his country was heard. His name has become identified with the brightest pages of his country's history, and whenever a stirring appeal is made to the people in any part of our country, it receives a powerful impulse when it is characterized as the voice of PATRICK HENRY. He was born in Hanover county, Virginia—for this State has been the nursery of very many of our good and great men. His education was in the common school, and even there he showed that the keys to knowledge would never rust in his possession. He worked on the farm—his mind doubtless expanding and invigorating under the influences of nature. He then pursued the business of merchandize, gathering accessions of information from the busy scenes around him, as well in this sphere as in the other. But his field of labor was that of the civilian and the statesman: and when his mind grasped the truths of the law, they were engrafted on a foundation of the strongest common sense and intuitive sagacity. In 1765 he was placed by the people in the House of Burgesses of Virginia, and there he commenced the opposition to the oppressive measures of the British government. This high honor history will award to Patrick Henry. The Revolution was urged on by his eloquent



appeals, and the arguments given by his noble powers as a public speaker. In the Continental Congress he was conspicuous. He was the first Governor of Virginia; and that State may well be proud of the illustrious name which is at the head of its chief magistrates. The judgment of Washington was manifested in his honor—for he nominated him as Secretary of State; and by John Adams, as Ambassador to France. But both these high positions he declined. He died but a few months before General Washington—on the 6th June, 1799. His reputation as an orator is co-extensive with our country's history; and has been acknowledged by the best authorities in Europe. The stern, simple republican virtue of Patrick Henry—his power to win the hearts of men—his exercise of that power in the defence of his country, have graven his name deep in the records of an honorable fame.



ROBERT FULTON.

THE world owes more to this eminent man than is even yet appreciated. It is a much smaller, more condensed, more *usable* world, by reason of his genius, than it was before. The great mechanical truth, that the talent of 'going ahead' is derived from STEAM, is one which has set trade, commerce, the arts, the PEOPLE, all in progressive motion. He was a native of the United States; but his genius belonged to mankind. His birth was during the colonial period of our existence; but States are every year being added to the Union, because his science planned the way to bind East and West together. So early as his eighteenth year, he developed a genius for mechanics and painting. The taste for the latter art, led him to the association with Benjamin West. His practice of the painter's profession was for some time in Devonshire; and here he became acquainted with the famous Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Stanhope, both of them well known as devotedly fond of watching the advance of mechanical science. Little, however, did they, could they predict that the poor artist by their side should revolutionize the social condition of mankind. It is not necessary to follow his onward course of successive and successful invention, till in 1803, he put in motion a boat, on the river Seine, that was propelled by steam. That day

was an era in the history of the world. When the wheel first felt the motive power of the vapor, the impulses of a new movement had begun—a movement which is even now scarcely in its manhood. The first steamboat in American waters was used in 1807. Its voyage up the Hudson was the greatest of all triumphs to Fulton. He had been ridiculed, laughed at, derided; denounced as a schemer and an adventurer: but *his boat went*; and thenceforward his was a bright page in the history of those who have been useful to their fellow-men. He was one of the early Canal Commissioners of this State. His active agency in planning and executing schemes for nautical defence, is a part of the military records of our country. His death took place 24th February, 1815, just at the close of the last war. His name has the great, the inestimable honor of being interwoven with the history of the future progress of our race.

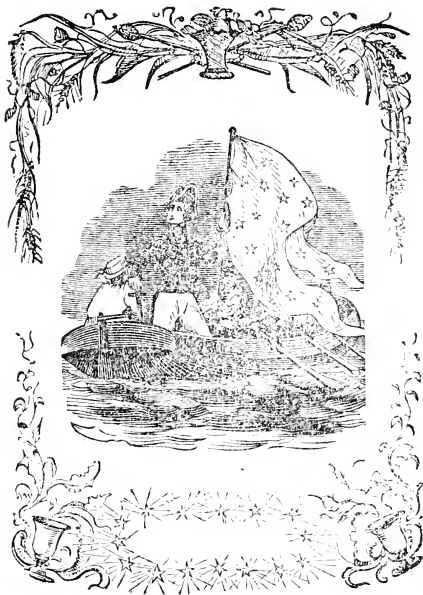
JOHN RANDOLPH.

"NEVER man had such constituents," said Randolph one day in Congress. The truth was equally palpable, that never did constituents have such a representative. "You might as well run against the northwest wind as against Randolph," said an opponent, when talking of his popularity in the Charlotte Congressional District. Mr. Randolph was one of the most remarkable men of his day. He certainly was eccentric, and to such a degree, that it seemed at times to approach to insanity: but there was always a method in his madness. He was a distinguished member of the House of Representatives, and in that arena was always prominent, and was influential. When he talked—for his oratory was discursive enough to be called conversation—the whole House was fixed in its attention. He enchained the audience by sallies of wit—episodes of brilliant imagining—biographical sketches—historical reminiscences. Mr. Randolph's speeches were without any plan or plot; but in one sphere—satire and invective—he was unequalled. His long, attenuated finger was pointed at the subject of his attack; his eye flashed, and his quick word of bitterness stung where it fell.

For a long series of years, Mr. Randolph represented the Charlotte District—and the people crowded around him at election day—and



when he appeared at the Court-House, his constituents were as delighted as if he had been a friend of each one personally. His true field of action was the House of Representatives. When he figured in the walks of diplomacy, it was not in a manner that added to his reputation. He will not be forgotten by any who ever knew him, for he was not a man of common place action. History will record him as one of the Orators of the Century. His death was as remarkable as his life had been peculiar. The conversations that passed between him and his physician, were of a character to fall deep in the memory of all who read them. John Randolph of Roanoke was ever proud of Virginia, and the Old Commonwealth never ceased to admire him.



OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.

THIS brave sailor was born in the city of Newport, Rhode-Island, in 1785. He was in our navy at a very early age, and soon identified himself with its honor. Perhaps to no name does it owe its glory more than to that of this gallant Commodore. He was an active actor in our strange war with the Barbary powers; — strange, because it was most extraordinary that that far off nation — semi-civilized — should provoke the severe discipline which they received at our hands; and more strange, indeed, that the powerful kingdoms of Europe should so long have allowed the Mediterranean to be disgraced with such scenes of piracy and plunder. In 1810 he was made a Lieutenant, and in 1812 had charge of a flotilla of gun-boats in the harbor of New-York. The war with Great Britain soon called forth the energies of our navy, and placed it among the most renowned of maritime powers. But it was on our inland seas that his chief glory was won. The great lakes are a theatre of action now for a commerce so vast, that its details astonish the reflecting, and are almost discredited by those in other lands who watch the progress of the human race. The red light of war was seen on Erie in the course of the conflict with Great Britain. The famous 10th of September, is a memorable day in the annals of the American

people; for it was on that day that Perry met a hostile fleet on Lake Erie, and after a vigorous conflict, which was waged with great severity, he succeeded in capturing them, and thus achieved a victory which has associated his name with the laurel of honorable conquest. When peace came, he was continued in the naval service, and commanded the *Java* in the expedition under the brave Decatur, to the Mediterranean. But the gallant sailor was soon to make his last cruise. His orders were for a West-India station; and he proceeded thither to discharge his duty;—and in that discharge, he died—at Trinidad, August 23, 1820. The yellow fever has swept from the earth many names of note and worth, but few like Perry. The waves of Erie are hushed in the calm, and roused by the surges of the storm; but in peace or war, the memory of the noble-hearted Perry will never be dis severed from her waters.

BENJAMIN WEST.

THIS eminent painter was a native of the State of Pennsylvania, but when his youth was forming, the peaceful Quaker commonwealth offered very few inducements to the fostering of the fine arts. He was born in 1738. His talents as a master of this great art, soon developed themselves; and his pure and good principles contributed to make for him a circle of valuable or attached associates. Even the Society of Friends, whose tenets led them to regard historic painting as a luxury, looked gently on the efforts of the young Benjamin; and it is not to be doubted that, as they saw him rise to eminence, they regarded it as a pleasing proof that their profession was not altogether inconsistent with a love for the beautiful. He soon left for Italy, and revelled in delight, as he gazed on the works of the old masters of the art, who had written their names on the roll of immortality in such characters of beauty. From the soft skies of Italy, he proceeded to England, and found in Mr. Drummond an efficient friend. The Duke of York became his friend; and in a long after life, Mr. West never gave his benefactor cause of regret.

The Royal Society is known all over the civilized world, as an institution where is concentrated the first talent of England; and to be a member of this association, is always an honor



—a high honor. But a greater was reserved for the American Quaker. When the great Sir Joshua Reynolds died, the Presidency of the Society was given to West, and long and ably did he fill the station.

It is a noble trait in the character of Benjamin West, that he never forgot or forsook his country. In the Revolutionary struggle, his patriotism stood every test; and he was faithful to his native land, though surrounded by royalty and aristocracy in the Court of England. His great pictures are yet in existence: Death on the Pale Horse has a world-wide fame. He died in England on the 10th March, 1820, respected alike in the Old World and the New.



DE WITT CLINTON

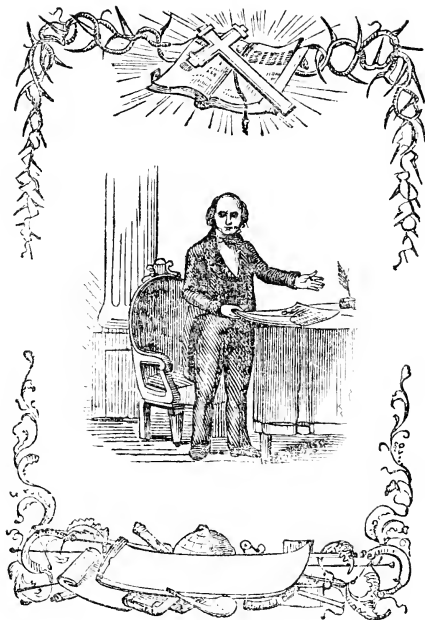
THIS illustrious Statesman was born in the county of Orange, in the State of New-York, in the year 1769; and in all the long list of the great men of this State, there is not a nobler name. His career is identified with the prosperity and growth of New-York, and to no man is it indebted for its high position, so much as to DE WITT CLINTON. He was at an early age a member of the first legislative body in the world—the Senate of the United States—where he sustained himself with ability. It was in his own State, however, that his greatest efforts were put forth, and the scheme of Internal Improvement policy originated, or at all events carried into successful result by him, was the era of the Age for New-York. His great mind grasped with wonderful vigor, and sustained with a talent that was the admiration of the nation, the plan of uniting the great lakes of the West with the Hudson river. He lived to see the work accomplished—to be the witness of the rejoicings—to see the swellings of the tide of full prosperity. On the 4th of July, 1817, he commenced the work of excavation for the canals, at the village of Rome; and had he lived to see the year 1847—but thirty years—it would have been officially announced to him, as it was to the Legislature of that year, that *thirty-five millions of dollars* had already

been poured into the treasury of the State, by the tolls on these public works. Of all this towering column of prosperity, Clinton laid the foundation-stone — strong and durable. He received, at the time when President Madison was elected, a very large suffrage for the Chief Magistracy. He was for several years the Governor of New-York; and, it is not improper to say, that even when his political friends suffered defeat, his great name and talent preserved him unscathed.

Governor Clinton had a noble and dignified person — so much so, as to be the object of constant interest when mingling in society. An excellent scholar, his discourses and messages were considered models of composition; and his State papers were read with great interest every where. After a life of usefulness to his fellow-men, and of untarnished honor to himself, he died suddenly at Albany, February 11, 1828, amid the deep-felt grief of the people.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Clarum et venerabile nomen. The sound of the grief of a great nation has just ceased to be heard for the loss of the Statesman whose name heads this sketch. Great in every department of human knowledge — experienced in every variety of human action in things of State — he saw the world in its strongest features. Mr. Adams was a son of Massachusetts — almost her worthiest son. Indeed, history WILL assign him THAT place. All the departments of honor that our country could confer, were in succession bestowed on him. He was in diplomatic service almost from his childhood, and his old age was ended in the duty of a Representative. Born in 1767, he was of an age to remember vividly the startling and wonderful things of the Revolution; and he lived to see all the mighty changes in social and physical life, now so familiar to us. All the Courts in Europe were familiar to him; and his converse with the great and the illustrious has been exceeded by few, if by any one of the sons of earth. He was the friend and the trusted of Washington. With Franklin he was intimate as the pupil with the instructor. No man saw more of the movements of Europe in the eventful period succeeding our Revolution. He was an auditor of Burke, and Pitt, and Fox, and Sheridan; and could recall, in after days, the memory of their magnificent



oratory. The friend of freedom ever, he battled for it by tongue and pen — and if this century has received an impress of high and honorable feeling from any statesman, it has from him. His administration as President was in a period of high partizan strife; but we transcend no rule of impartiality when we say, that it has been by the voice of after years pronounced pure. So lived the Great Adams. After tasting — nay, drinking deeply, of all the honors of men — after establishing a name and fame in all that is illustrious in diplomacy — in oratory — in government — in statesmanship — in learning — he died — in the overflowing love of his fellow-men, who bore testimony in every commonwealth in the Union, that the greatest had fallen. With such a life — with the prospect of such a death — it was not strange that he should leave as his last words — *I am content.*



ANDREW JACKSON.

THE victory at New-Orleans was but one of a long series of remarkable passages in the life of this great man—the creation of his own vigor of purpose and brave and determined character. He, like his distinguished contemporary, Mr. Adams, was born in 1767, and like him, must have recollected many of the incidents of the Revolutionary struggle. It soon became apparent in his progress in life, that he was no ordinary man, but one of those who carve in deep letters their inscription of greatness on the history of their times. He early emigrated from South Carolina, the place of his birth, to Tennessee, and grew with the growth of that commonwealth. A lawyer by profession, while he maintained himself with ability, it was evident that his heart was on a bolder destiny, and when he grasped the sword of the soldier, the touch was familiar. It is unnecessary to follow his progress from one stirring campaign to another. Among the Indian wars, he bore a prominent and a distinguished part; but it was the 8th January, 1815, that gave him a high place among the defenders of his country. At that battle, he had against him the good soldiers of England, led on by a trusted commander; but the skill and bravery of Jackson proved too strong, and the victory was overwhelming. Successive civil services followed

after that — crowned in 1828, by an election by a very large majority to the Presidential Chair. In the administration of that high office — while history will judge better than we can of all the questions of public policy — it is truthful to say, that he was sustained by the voice of the people. They elected and re-elected him, and accompanied him to his retirement with the expression of their approbation. He died at the Hermitage, his home residence near Nashville, in 1845. A great and powerful influence was exerted by him on the character of the times in which he lived, and one which will always find ardent admirers.

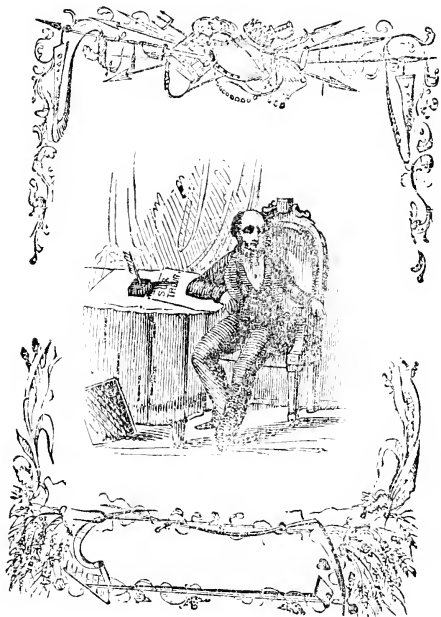
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

INVESTED with almost supreme power over the great Northwestern Territory by the confidence of the people of the United States, through their Chief Magistrate, he showed that he had the strength of mind, the honesty of principle, which made the material for a ruler among men. His life was a varied and a remarkable one; for it had the vicissitudes of a new country, and the polished refinements of crowded civilization, to impress their characteristics on it. He had the education, of all others best calculated to prepare him for a patriotic and distinguished career. His father was Benjamin Harrison, one of the great men of Virginia—a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and a champion of the revolutionary principle. In the counsels of such a glorious teacher, William Henry Harrison entered into life; and the effect of such training was soon manifested. He became a soldier; and this sketch need say no more of the valor and gallantry of his career, than to quote the testimony of a cotemporary, himself a man of unquestioned bravery: “He never lost a battle.” The Western States recognized General Harrison as their founder—and they never forgot their friend. Death has long since closed all political differences of opinion; and it is not inappropriate to refer to the enthusiastic support which the States of



Ohio and Indiana yielded him. He was at one period of his life in the diplomatic service—being the representative of his country at one of the South American Courts.

But a higher rank in the roll of his country's fame, was awarded him. After a vigorous contest in 1840, he was elected the Chief Magistrate of the United States. But the honors of Earth were destined to be temporary and fleeting. One month after his inauguration—with the shouts of the multitude ringing in the Halls of power—with a Nation looking with hope and confidence to his administration—he met the end of all the earth—and the people followed to the grave the man who had but so short time before been in the full flush of life. He had just put to his lips the full cup of earthly glory—and Destiny dashed it to the ground.



MARTIN VAN BUREN.

BUT few men out of the many millions that throng our busy land, will, in the necessity of things, ever reach the high honor of the Presidential Chair. So much the more glory for him who can, from a humble beginning, attain a position of this eminence. Mr. VAN BUREN was born in Kinderhook, Columbia county, in 1785; and when he looked ahead to the prospect which awaited him, he saw that it was by his own effort that he must succeed. Those efforts WERE put forth, and the poor boy rose to the Presidency.

In the annals of the bar of New-York, Mr. Van Buren is remembered as a most able lawyer—one who studied his cause thoroughly, and when he came before the Court and Jury, he knew all the points in his case, and the consequence was, as it ought to have been, that he accumulated a large property—a result, which, when it follows the exercise of active industry, is always to be regarded as a gratifying evidence of well-directed energies.

Mr. Van Buren was a prominent member of the Senate of New-York—a distinguished Senator of the National Senate—Governor of New-York—and, at last, President of the United States. In all of these honorable places, he left the impression of his intellect. His administration was an arduous one. Posterity will,

with impartial justice, declare its worth to the nation. Of polished and agreeable manners — of varied experience — of associations the most valued, both in this country and in Europe — he is passing the evening of his life in the pleasures of an happy home — surrounded by the comforts and refinements of life.

His example has been that of a young man, becoming great — holding the highest office in the civilized world — and all this accomplished, because of the well-directed energy — the wisely aimed effort. As a lawyer, eminent — as a statesman, cool, accurate, well-informed — as a public officer, passing through the ordeal of public life with unblemished honor — he may well be classed among the distinguished men of the present century.

HENRY CLAY.

THE State of Virginia has been called the "Old Dominion." If it was intended to express by the use of this phrase, that there had emanated from within her borders, a great gathering of the distinguished in all the departments of human greatness, then was the name well-applied. Her list of illustrious men has in it few names more identified with all that is honorable and honored among men, than he whose name is affixed to this notice. It is not our province to mention him as identified with any of the great political parties or divisions of the day. It is those qualities alone which are recognized with approbation by all the people, which we may notice. He started in life a poor boy—his father a Baptist clergyman—himself taught from early life to look, under Providence, to his own efforts and industry to sustain himself in the conflict with this busy world—this scene of earnest struggle—so well denominated by Dickens, the Battle of Life. Mr. Clay was not discouraged by being poor. His nature was not of that kind, but pressed the more vigorously onward. He migrated to Kentucky, when that great State was but a new and almost unsettled territory. His eloquent tongue soon found its way to the hearts of the gallant Western men, and he soon became a cherished favorite. From one place of public trust and usefulness he



passed to another. The first hour he trod the Hall of the House of Representatives he was chosen the Speaker; and all parties unite in giving the highest praise to his parliamentary talent. For many years in both Houses of Congress, he has been most conspicuous; and for many years he has been placed in the front rank of the Orators of the Age. It is not yet the time to examine impartially his acts as a Statesman; but the long array of public service which has distinguished his life, is the property of the Nation—not of a party. Mr. Clay, at the date of this article, is an old man, but his vigor of mind remains; and he is yet, the active Statesman—the eloquent Orator. His history may well be studied by all our young men, as an example of what can be done by the energy of a mind determined to succeed. Henry Clay left Virginia a poor boy. He has often visited it again—the honored guest of the people. Such will ever be the destiny, high and glorious, of the pure and upright statesman.



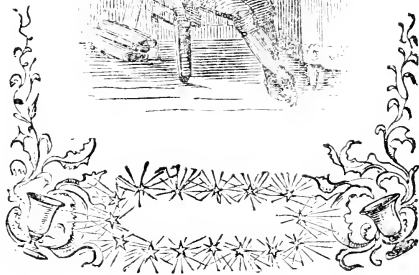
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

IT is a high honor to go to posterity with an association, so replete with all that is pure and virtuous and ennobling as the name of Washington; and this high fame is that of FRANKLIN. These two illustrious names are linked together, and when the New World is asked for her brightest and best, the response is made in the names of Washington and Franklin. This eminent Philosopher and Statesman was born in Boston in 1704. Of all the patriots of the Revolution, he was the oldest, and had seen most of our Colonial history. Even before the Revolution, his countrymen and the king had committed trusts of importance to his hands. The General Post-Office felt his business-like vigor, and wherever common sense was precious, Franklin was consulted. But he shone most in the councils of the war of Independence. While others hesitated and spoke tremblingly, he saw with eagle eye the result of the differences, and was among the first to call the sword from its sheath. In all the war, he was a right arm to his country. Trusted and honored by Washington, he and that great man were together those to whom the struggling colonies looked for aid. When the war was over, Franklin went to Europe, and found every where he moved, the love and friendship of an admiring nation. France, especially, admired him; and Paris,

that fluttered about the gay and the fashionable, joined in delighted offerings of friendship to the plain and practical Philosopher. He studied the skies, not to gaze idly at its stars, but to read, if he might, what lessons its phenomena taught the earth that might be of benefit and advance the progress of mankind: And his intellectual strength won the great prize. The mighty and wonderful Telegraph that is at this hour more than bringing intelligence through the land, is but a deduction from, and an application of, the discoveries of Franklin. In the Convention that framed the Constitution of the United States, held at Philadelphia, his clear good sense was of the utmost value — and our country rises to prosperity on the foundation that was then laid so strong. The name of Franklin is a national possession. The Union loves — cherishes — reveres his memory, and points the world to him, as one of the noblest specimens of an honorable and honest and wise man.

JAMES MADISON.

THE chief glory of this great man is his identification with the formation of the Constitution of the United States; and this is but one of the illustrious features of a life of public service. Another of the sons of Virginia, he has written the name of that old State, high in the record of those who adhered to and matured to being, the instrument on which our, now, thirty States stand safely. JAMES MADISON had his youthful heart quickened by the impulses of the Revolution—his latest hour cheered by the universal love of his fellow-countrymen. His election to the Presidency was under the most gratifying circumstances, and his re-election equally so. His administration was signalized by the occurrence of the second war with England. In that struggle he was the firm Chief Magistrate, upholding with dignity and efficiency the honor of our flag in every peril. Surrounded by circumstances of danger, he was yet the Statesman and the Sage; and when our country passed, as it did pass, with honor, the ordeal of the war, the people clustered around him. Mr. Madison is generally acknowledged, as more identified with the Constitution, than any other of our great men. Its best history is to be found in the "Madison Papers;" for, with a forethought that could only have been exercised by a great and sagacious mind, he recorded all that



occurred at that venerable gathering of the great and good of the infant Republic, that framed that charter of our rights. Profoundly acquainted with all its requirements, his administration was a successful commentary on its doctrine, and his life was in illustration of what a Republican States an *should* be. Virginia called him, in 1824, to the task of revising her own Constitution; and it was a most impressive spectacle to witness the mingled love and admiring attention which pervaded the entire assemblage, whenever this Sage arose. He lived to a very late period — indeed, quite down to our own day — and at his death, the Nation mourned. His eulogy was pronounced by the man, of all others, most fitted to the congenial task — John Quincy Adams; and the discourse which he delivered will be memorable always in the archives of the history of our country.



DANIEL BOON.

MAJESTIC, indeed, is the solitude of the wilderness, even when the sojourn therein is but for an hour or a day; but when to this solitude is added the feeling of Empire—we might almost say, of exclusive Empire—it has a grandeur and loftiness of sentiment, of which it is difficult to form a just conception. This pioneer of the West, is known all over the vast area of the world where the English language is known, as having been the man who dared to brave the silence of the wood, to taste the wildest—purest cup of freedom. He was impatient of the crowd—and his axe carved out the way for States. To the West—the great, the mighty West—his ardent, adventurous heart turned; and thither he went—turning aside for no danger—defying the terrors of the wild man and the wild beast—looking to the sky as his canopy—the earth as his bed. Onward, beyond the tread of the foot of the white man, he went—not to slaughter, but to conquer—by the arts of life eventually, though at first by ruder civilizers—the gun and the axe. He laid the foundation of what is now the great Commonwealth of Kentucky; and that State within the present year (1847) brought his remains back to the resting place provided for them within her own limits. His name is enrolled in the list of the distinguished—because

he had a courage of adventure which opened a pathway for civilization and all its blessings to come. He was a frontier outpost—a species of human fortress—which dared to array itself against obstacles which might have daunted a heart less active and courageous. Byron, with his quick eye of genius, recognized the fine, bold features of the Hunter Statesman, and immortalized his name in the creations of his own intellect. While others wrote constitutions on paper, he marked the course and boundaries of Empires on the *blazed* trees—and the sounds of his axe and his gun told the forests that the People were coming. Boon is the Forest Father of Old Kentucky, and is an example to mankind of enterprise and energy.

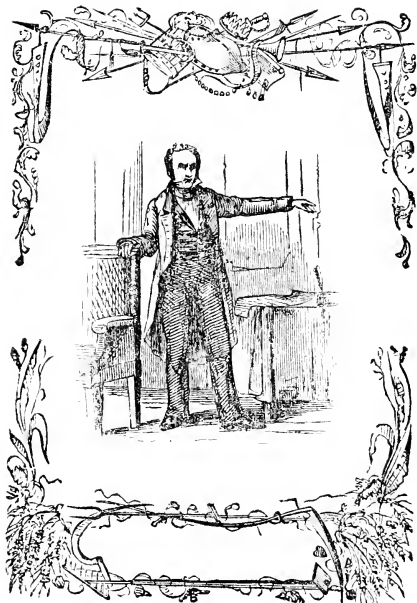
BISHOP WHITE.

“ Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.”

THIS venerable father was beloved by the people in whose midst he resided for so many long years. His greatness was in the things which make for the ever-during good of mankind. He was, for the larger part of a century, the cherished and valued friend of the poor — of all who needed the word of kind counsels — of all who belonged to the weary and way worn. The Church, of which he was an eminent ornament and patriarch, clustered around the good old man to his latest day, as to a relic of the purer days of the republic — of the young years of the Church struggling for a time in this New World. Bishop White received his ordination from “holy hands, lifted up without fear or doubting,” in England, and was himself the beloved consecrator of most of the Bishops who since that time have gone out to minister to the spiritual wants of their respective dioceses. He was the friend of Washington — who often heard, with glad attention, his expressions of “the faith once delivered to the saints.” To the Revolution he was a steadfast friend; and his prayers were given for the success of the brave men who maintained themselves so firmly against the power of the British Throne. Such friendship was of inestimable value. The



Men of War have no friends so valuable as the holy Men of Peace. He grew up with the growth of Philadelphia; and it is remembered, to the exceeding honor of his judgment and of his Christian courage, that when Mr. Girard left a vast sum of money to that city for educational purposes, coupled with restrictions that seemed to savor of a willingness to forget the obligations of mankind to the Author of all good, the Bishop besought the constituted authorities of the city not to accept such a trust, warning them that it would be a gift, which would entail danger on its recipient: and there are many who think that events have shown that there was much of prophecy in the good minister's expostulation. He lived to be over 90 years of age, and the blessing of the people followed him wherever he went.



DANIEL WEBSTER.

As Madison has been styled the Father of the Constitution, so has this distinguished man been designated its Defender. Imbued with its spirit, and conversant with all its principles, he had been foremost in adhering to all the truths which he considered to be interwoven with it, and in vindicating all its provisions against every opponent — against all opposition. New-Hampshire claims him for her own. Her rock-bound farms — her busy, industrious, reflecting people, were the companions of his early years. His father was a man of noble purposes — for he mortgaged his farm that he might give a suitable education to his children. He soon pushed forward, for a larger sphere of action than was afforded him in his native State, and entered Massachusetts. He was soon appreciated in that great Commonwealth, and rapidly rose to honor. He represented the city of Boston, at a period of great interest in the history of the Nation, and the Cradle of Liberty never rocked into the manhood of duty, a nobler mind. His labors in the House of Representatives, and in the Senate, are familiar to all who have been in any wise conversant with the course of public affairs. As a Senator, he has distinguished himself by debates which are part of the classic eloquence of the age. In all the science of political economy, he has proved

himself conversant, and Massachusetts holds him up to the world as her characteristic Representative. When he visited England, the best intellect of the nation rushed forward to honor him, and to manifest their appreciation of his talent, as belonging to the civilized world. As a lawyer, he has proved himself pre-eminent; and many of the leading questions of the times, have received their impress from his opinions. Perhaps the proudest period of his life, (as it might well have been to any man,) was, when he stood by the side of La Fayette, as the latter laid the corner stone of the Bunker-Hill Monument. Then his words reached the heart of the Men of the Revolution — and the past age and the present, were stirred up by his magnificent oratory.

RED JACKET

SA-GO-YE-WAT-HA (for thus he called himself) was born on the West shore of Cayuga Lake, at a place called Canoga, about four miles south of the present Cayuga Bridge. A granite monument, erected by the good taste and liberality of Judge Sackett, of Seneca Falls, marks the place of his birth — its authenticity being well established by what fell from the old Chief himself. His chief reputation has been that of an Orator, but it cannot be doubted that he was more. He was ever a man of great influence in his tribe. He was perhaps the best specimen of the real Indian — such as he was before our forefathers clove *their* way through the forest, that has come down to this day of the complete ascendancy of the white man. He had an eloquence which has become proverbial. It was in his own tongue, and could be but dimly known through the medium of an interpreter; and yet, with all this disadvantage, Red Jacket's voice was always potent and stirring. He appreciated better than others of his race, the real strength and the certain destiny of the white man, and vainly attempted to erect a barrier against his progress. The old Chief wanted to keep the Indian as he was — and turned aside himself, and so many as would listen to his bold and earnest voice, even from the efforts of those who, in sincerity, desired to do good to the poor In-



dian. He proudly bore on his breast a large silver medal given him by Washington—the same borne in later days, since the chieftain's death, by *Ha-sa-no-en-da* (Ely S. Parker of Tonawanda). Alas! that an eloquence—so taught of Nature—should have been used for the riveting upon his nation of the cruel bonds of Pagan superstition! It did not save his people—it did not keep himself from yielding to more than the weaknesses of nature. He was a great man—for his powers of intellect were coined by nature—not forged out by education. He will always live in History, as a gallant and eloquent Chief—who had the oratory of the heart in which to give forth his bold thoughts.



JAMES K. POLK.

It is difficult to weave together the materials of an impartial biography, until death has smoothed over partizan strife, and enabled men to look at the acts and deeds of public servants as in truth and fairness they should be viewed. Yet this rule may not be used to prevent the calm and kind consideration of the doings and sayings of those even now on the stage of public life. Mr. Polk was born in North Carolina—and soon attained eminence. The States at the West, which are now considered as among the old and settled, were then the new lands, inviting the adventurous emigrant. Thither went the young Carolinian, and found in Tennessee a new and welcome home. The people of that State have in various ways signified their approval of his views and acts—for he has been called to the Chief Magistracy, and has been long recognized as one of their leading representatives in Congress. The office of Speaker of the House is, next to the Secretary of State, the highest office in the Union, under the Presidency. It has great power. He can so mould the committees of the House, in their financial and judicial action, as most materially to affect the legislation of the country. Mr. Polk, as Speaker, had a commanding influence; and when his name was announced, in 1844, as the candidate of one of the great parties of the

country, his public career was appreciated. The administration of Mr. Polk, as President, is even yet before the people. It has been characterized by events of no ordinary character; and will long be regarded as memorable in its features. He is yet in the prime of life, having achieved the highest honor of the Nation, at an age much younger than many of his predecessors. Mr. P. has always been distinguished for his powers as a public speaker; and History will assign him a place among those whose names are unchangeably connected with great events.

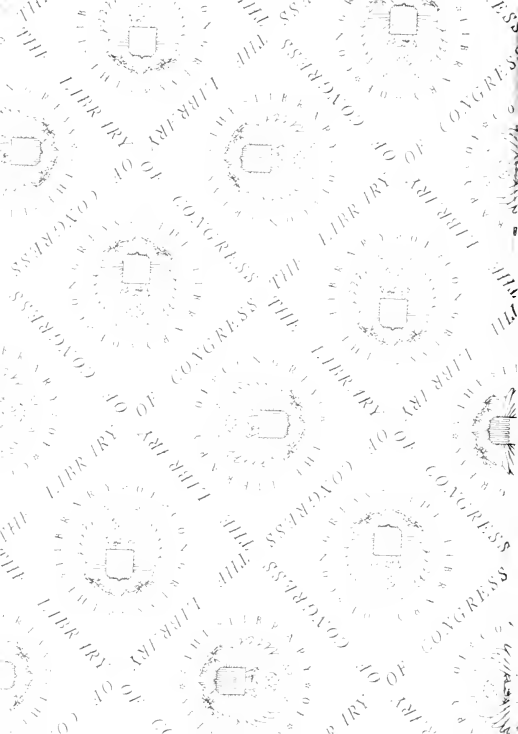
JOHN TYLER.

VIRGINIA was the birth-place of this Chief Magistrate, as of many others. The State that has been the nursery of so many who have reached the Head of the Nation, has noble annals from which to compile its history.

Mr. TYLER was in many places of trust and honor. He was Governor of Virginia — Senator in Congress from that State — Vice-President — and at last President. When the troubles arising out of nullification were at their height, and the coercion bill—or, as it was called in Carolina, the bill of blood—was pending, Mr. Tyler was the only Senator who remained in his place and voted in the negative. Other Senators who differed from the majority left their seats and vacated the Hall. When the Senate of the United States were about to pass a resolution which he believed unconstitutional, rather than sanction the act, which his instructions would have led to, he resigned.

He officiated as Vice-President, but for a month. Retiring after the adjournment of the special session of March 4, 1841, to his seat on James river, Virginia, he was found by the messenger that was despatched to acquaint him with the fact that the supreme power of the Nation had come to his hands, engaged in reading. A busy volume of power was soon opened to him. The famous Tariff of 1842, was passed

during his administration — and the preliminaries all matured for the admission into the Union of the Republic of Texas, as a State. Mr. Tyler has seen much of public service; and has been prominent in the public councils in distinguished positions. A just account of his public life belongs to the unembarrassed pen of history.



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